



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



Bought from R. A. Brimnall 77/63

2527 f. 1932



Agnes L. Jennings  
September 20, 1900







# **THE BOOK OF FABLES.**









*Ed. & Cousin.*





THE  
BOOK OF FABLES,

AND

INSTRUCTIVE STORIES;

ADAPTED TO THE CAPACITY OF YOUNG CHILDREN.

---

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "SEBELLA,"  
"A TALE OF VENICE," &c.

---

**London :**  
HOOPER, 13, PALL MALL EAST.

---

1839.



**C. ANTHONY, PRINTER, HEREFORD.**

## TO MY THREE NIECES.

---

*My dear Children,*

*I have written a little Book for you ; and if in its pages you find intelligence on any subject to which you have hitherto been strangers, neither your time in reading, nor mine in writing it, will have been thrown away.*

*Your affectionate Aunt,*

*Charlotte Jennings.*





## THE HUMBLE COMPANION.

---

“WHAT did you mean this morning, mamma?” said little Agnes Morden, as they took their evening’s walk, “when my brother told us that young Lord St. Cleave had passed without taking any notice of him, as he used to do; you said, mamma, that a great person may injure an inferior more by taking too much notice of him, than he possibly could do by taking too little.” “Why, my love,” said Mrs. Morden, “I will tell you a tale, which will show you what I mean better than I can explain in any other way; it is about a little girl, who was chosen companion by a superior.”

B

Lady Margaret Felburgh was the only child of the Earl and Countess Deehurst, who, having a beautiful seat in Scotland, resorted thither for the summer months. "How very dull I am, mamma," said Lady Margaret, the day after their arrival, "now I have left all my cousins in London, I have no one to play with me; yesterday evening Madam Tanto and I walked to the Park Farm to see the peacocks, and Mrs. Douglas has such a very nice daughter, such a very pretty girl, I wish I may have her to play with me." The Countess, who did not like to be teased about anything, said, "Well, if Madam think proper, you may have her now and then."

The situation of governess is a desperately dull one in most families, but always in high ones; Madam, therefore, did think it proper, for this was a good excuse to go frequently for

a chat with Mrs. Douglas, who was in truth a very pleasant woman.

In a very short time, Fanny Douglas had become the very shadow of Lady Margaret, she attended her everywhere, and very frequently drank tea with her at the castle.

They discovered that they were exactly the same size, therefore all her ladyship's clothes, when a little soiled, were given to her favourite Fanny.

There was a little grumbling at first amongst the servants, who had been used to share them, but Madam Tanto, who had the whole management of all belonging to the little lady, had now been to three evening parties at Park Farm, after Lady Margaret had retired to bed, therefore everything in favour of the Douglasses of course was sanctioned by her.

Thus was Fanny dressed in silks and satins,

very unbecoming to her station in life. In order to keep these clean, she avoided the kitchen, and every useful household employment, promising only to grow up a useless young woman.

Three wet Sundays, Lady Margaret had called as she passed the gate, and had taken Fanny in the carriage to church, where, with her blue silk pelisse and white satin bonnet, she quite looked down upon her old acquaintances and playfellows; and on quitting the place of worship, she again sided up to Lady Margaret, who with the thoughtlessness of ill-guided and uncorrected mirth, was quizzing a mistake which the reverend old clergyman had made. Fanny always made a point of agreeing with her patroness in everything, for this little girl had just sense enough to know that her ladyship was a spoiled child, and that if

she were to contradict her, she would be banished her presence.

In this way was passed the summer visit, and now the Countess intimated her intentions to her daughter of leaving Scotland for London.

"I shall be very sorry," said Lady Margaret, to leave Fanny, she is such a very nice good-natured girl."

"I am shocked at you, Margaret," said the Countess, "pining at leaving a poor little country child for your lord and lady friends in town; shocking! shocking!" "Oh, yes!" answered Lady Margaret, "I quite forgot them; Fanny is very well *here*, but she would not do at all in London."

For several weeks after the Deehursts had left the Castle, Fanny scarcely knew what to do with herself. Her old play-fellows would not have her in any of their games, always

running away loudly calling her "Lady Fanny;" in short, evidently wishing to show the bad spirit her pride had raised in their young hearts towards her.

Never had a winter seemed so long, so dreary and tedious as this one did to poor Fanny. Her fine dresses were getting shabby, and the fountain from which they had flowed had vanished. But what was her double mortification to find that the Earl's family intended to spend the next Summer in France and Italy.

The third Summer at length came, and with it the Deehursts to the Castle; but how was Fanny then situated? Her mother had lately died, and except where pity and bare charity overcame all remembrance of her pride, she was neglected and deserted by all neighbours.

Hearing that Lady Margaret had arrived at the Castle, poor Fanny instantly repaired

thither, hoping great and many things. But Fanny had yet to learn that it was vain to put any trust in the fluttering fancies of a day.

She was shown to the old housekeeper, who kindly took upon herself to bear Fanny's message of distress to Lady Margaret. She found her Ladyship playing at some noisy French game with two or three young nobles, who had come with them to the Castle.

"What is it? What do you want, Mrs. Cooper?" said she, on seeing the housekeeper seeming wishful to speak with her.

"I am come to tell your Ladyship that Fanny Douglas is below, and wishes to speak to you, if you are disengaged."

"Fanny Douglas! Fanny Douglas!" repeated Lady Margaret laughing, "and pray who may she be?"

"The daughter of the person who used to



live at Park Farm," said Mrs. Cooper, surprised at this giddy forgetfulness.

"Oh, yes, I remember," she resumed with all the consequence of a full-grown lady, "she was the little girl whom I had to play with me when I was a child, tell her I do not want her now, I have brought plenty of companions with me this time."

"I do not think poor Fanny wishes to be a companion to your Ladyship now," said Mrs. Cooper, the expression of her face plainly showing what she thought of this unkindness, "she is now a poor orphan, with scarcely bread to eat, and she wishes more to serve you as a humble menial, than as she used to do, accompany you as an equal."

Mrs. Cooper knew that she spoke very plain, but the good woman was obliged to give a little vent to her feelings.

“What in the world do I know about these sort of things,” said her Ladyship crossly, while her companions burst forth into loud laughter, “we want no servant at present, you know that very well, Mrs. Cooper; tell the girl Lady Mary Mobery, of Dresten Hall, wants a nurse maid, I heard her say so yesterday.” With these words Lady Margaret ran from the room, calling her visitors in a gay voice to follow her.

“Now my dear child,” said Mrs. Morden, “can you wonder at what I said to your brother this morning?”

“Oh no, indeed, mamma,” exclaimed Agnes, filled with indignation at the conduct of Lady Margaret; “and pray, mamma, what became of poor Fanny afterwards?”

“I left Scotland about that time, my love,” said Mrs. Morden, “but I believe she went to

attend on a very old lady, a Clergyman's widow, in Edinburgh."

They had now reached the house. "Thank you, dear mamma, for this pretty story, and I hope you will think of another to tell me to-morrow."

# THE ROOK AND THE WREN.

A FABLE.

---

One bright day in March, a Rook, after taking several flights round in the windy air, perched on an old apple tree, off which a little Wren was busily tearing some short moss.

“Pray, Mrs. Wren,” said the Rook, “can you imagine why I am hunted about and disliked by men, while you are smiled upon and called the ‘Pretty Wren?’ And why you have a close warm nest, at the foot of a tree, or in some lady’s bower, whilst I am obliged to mount the highest tree, to get out of the reach of men and boys, who are always trying to rob

my nest ; and then my home is only a few rough sticks placed across each other, just sufficiently thick to prevent my eggs from falling through ; there I am tossed to and fro with the wind, and exposed to every pelting storm."

" Yes, Mrs. Rook, I can easily tell you why you are so wretched," answered the Wren. " It all issues from one cause, and that is idleness. Instead of hunting for flies, grubs, and snails, like I do, you take your station on the farmer's newly sown fields, where you can feast all day on wheat and barley ; this is stealing, and every known thief must be disliked, and hunted from good society : and the reason your nest is so uncomfortable is, that a few sticks, gathered under the very tree, perhaps, on which you are building, is all that you will trouble yourself to procure, whilst I have been this morning picking wool off yonder meadow,

bits which were scattered from those lambs, which you see frisking about so gaily. Then I went to Mr. Brown's farm-yard for some feathers ; and while I was getting them, I saw a horse rubbing himself against some pales, and when he galloped away, I perceived a fine long hair, out of his mane, stick in a crack of the wood ; I could not carry both together, so off I flew with the feathers first, and went back for the hair since ; then my mate and I have been fixing it all in the nest, and now we want moss for part of the outside, to make it stronger, so I shall be carrying moss for two or three days ; and by the end of the week I hope we shall have quite finished building. Now, Mrs. Rook, if you take as much trouble, you will find you can make your home as comfortable as mine, and I will call on you now and then, to see if I can assist you."

"Oh, no, thank you, Mrs. Wren," exclaimed the Rook, "not for the world ; my neighbours would laugh at me, in short, I should be scorned by them all."

"Well, have your own way, Mrs. Rook, if you prefer the society of a multitude of noisy thieves and outlaws, surrounded, as you say you are, by wretchedness, to a comfortable home and a few good and industrious friends, I have no more to add."

So saying, off flew the busy Wren with a bunch of moss almost as large as herself.

## TO A PROUD LITTLE LADY.

---

What makes you so proud, little lady ?

What makes you so proud and so gay ?

Know ye not that but one fit of illness

May bear all your beauties away ?

You say that your cheeks are so blooming,

Your curls are so shining and fair ;

But fever may rob all that colour,

And take from your brow your bright hair.

And even if God should allow you

To pass through your youth in full health,

Your days are at any rate numbered—

Life cannot be purchased with wealth.

And what when the earth closes round you,

(Because die we assuredly must,)

Will dresses and carriages guard you

From the worm that creeps low in the dust ?



Though you lay on an Eider-down couch,  
And your servants around to attend,  
A poor slave may be happier far,  
On his straw—with near him no friend.

The world will have lost all her pleasures,  
Save the ones which the conscience can bring ;  
And sorrows of earth will have faded,  
If they leave not in conscience their sting.

Then, dear little lady, remember,  
It is charity—kindness—not birth,  
Nor riches—nor dress—nor complexion—  
That will make a good person on earth.

Let your study then here be to say,  
(Whate'er else you may ever be taught,)   
That when Death comes to call you away,  
*You have spent all your life as you ought.*

# THE MASTIFF AND PUPPY.

A FABLE.

---

A fine Newfoundland Mastiff, which acted the part of house-dog at a farm, had a basin of milk put down one morning for his breakfast, and perceiving a poor little Puppy looking at him with very longing eyes, pretending to take no notice of it, as it crept very quietly and half afraid began to lick the edge of the dish, and by degrees got close enough to lap the milk, which the old dog very kindly allowed it to do without being angry.

At that moment a large Greyhound, belonging to his master, ran round the corner of the

C

house and up to the dish without ceremony, when the Mastiff snarled, and would not let him come near.

“I do not see, Mr. Mastiff,” said he, “why I should not have some of your milk as well as that little Puppy.”

“That poor Puppy, Mr. Greyhound,” answered the Mastiff, “is young and ignorant ; it does not know that with one squeeze of my paw I could crush it to death : besides, it came quietly, half begging, and ready, if I had looked angry, to run away, therefore I allowed it to drink ; but you, Mr. Greyhound, are conceited and proud, and came up boldly to my breakfast, as if you had as much right to it as myself ; therefore, sir, I thought it time to let you know that I am willing to give to the humble, but that I will not be imposed upon by the impertinent and vain.”

With this the Greyhound ran away, determined next time to *ask* a favour, not demand it.

## THE UNITED SPRAYS.

---

“COME, Agnes, the carriage is at the door;” said Harriet, calling her sister from the garden to set out on a visit.

“I wish it were not at the door, then,” answered Agnes, looking sorrowfully, “for I have not finished tying up the woodbine round my bower. One spray comes across the front almost half-way, and on the opposite side another loose spray of the passion-flower, and with every gust of the wind they sway about so much that I am sure they will be broken before I return from Mosden Hall.”

“It is useless now to lament,” returned her sister, “for go we must; see, mamma is already in the carriage.”

Frequently during her visit did Agnes think of her garden, that spot so well beloved and so carefully attended by this amiable little girl.

On the day of her return home a high wind had put every tree and herb into wild motion. "My poor little garden!" murmured Agnes, as they were obliged to close the windows of the carriage on account of the boisterous element.

Immediately on her arrival home, away she ran to her bower; but what was her astonishment, when she found that during her month's absence, the two sprays had grown so long as to meet, and twining round each other, had made themselves stronger than any other part of either tree?

"Oh, only see!" exclaimed the delighted little Agnes, perceiving her sister had followed, "the weak, tender sprays I left have grown and twisted round, that they not only support

each other against the battering storms, but contain in their folds a beautiful wren's nest."

"And that is not all, my dear Agnes," said her elder sister, "they also contain a striking proof of the utility of assisting each other. Then let us from this little circumstance learn, that unity strengthens us not only to bear the troubles to which all human flesh is exposed, but it also enables us to aid and assist our friends and neighbours, like the united boughs to bear a wren's nest, to which either separate had been unequal."

**THE**  
**HYACINTH & FOXGLOVE.**  
**A FABLE.**

---

A fine root of double Hyacinth was once accidentally dropped from the basket of a Gardener, whilst crossing a large meadow ; it fell into a small hole in the grass, about a foot outside the shade of an oak tree, under which, and very near the Hyacinth, grew a Foxglove, which seemed as though it had kept the same station for years.

As summer drew on, the Hyacinth put forth its tall stem, amongst its fine spiral leaves, showing plainly that the soil it had met with, exactly suited its growth.



June saw it out in full blossom, but she also found it drooping and faint. The burning meridian sun and the incessant drought, had withered and nearly exhausted its sap.

Beholding the Foxglove in all the luxuriance of health and strength, the Hyacinth began in a wailing tone, though with a jealous eye, thus to address the Foxglove :—

“Here am I, whose forefathers have been nursed in kings’ palaces, and descended from the highest amongst flowers, doomed to pine and wither in the midday sunbeams, whilst you, degraded Foxglove, low-born as you are, have the protecting shade of a lofty spreading oak—how hard thus to be outdone by one of earth’s most common weeds.”

“Be not so high in your imagination, and conceited,” replied the Foxglove mildly, “what shade or nourishment does it now give you

in your present state to know and boast that your forefathers dwelt in palaces ; mistaken boaster, you only show by it how far you have sunk below your proper condition, instead of raising yourself ; here am I, degraded as you call me, at this moment enjoying all the privileges that were shared by my very earliest parents, and it is in my power now to save your life, if you are not too proud to accept of my services, for by to-morrow morning these two large leaves of mine will have grown long enough to shelter you from the sun."

The Hyacinth blushed its thanks, and endeavoured to be as grateful as a poor mean spirit would allow it to be.

The despised Foxglove spread its leaves, its broad large leaves, over its presumptive neighbour, bearing boldly the rays of the glorious orb of day. At length autumn came.

"Now," said the Hyacinth, "it is certain I must die. Where is the warm seed-room in which the gardener used to put me during the winter months. Alas! there is no shelter now."

The generous and noble-minded Foxglove forgot the dying Hyacinth's imagined superiority, and allowed its leaves to sink over and guard the more tender plant. Spring came again, the two flowers sprang up together, and the Hyacinth, all humble and thankful, was heard imploring the Foxglove's protection through the coming summer.

In like manner how frequently we see the upstart telling of his imaginary power, in show and words, of enormous bulk, much to the amusement of the independent, though deserving one, who, like the Foxglove, at the very moment is, perhaps, the only one who can save him from misery and starvation.

## THE FATHER'S WARNING.

---

A Father had been once out for a walk with his two sons, cutting the way shorter by useful lectures and warnings. He talked long on the necessity of correcting faults the moment they arise. "They are very easily conquered at the commencement," said he, "but a practised sin becomes stubborn and difficult, if not almost impossible to eradicate." As he finished speaking, they reached the plantation which surrounded the house. Wishing to impress the truth of his last remark more fully upon his childrens' memory, he ordered them before they went in doors to take up two nut trees,

which he pointed out to them, the one had been growing for some years, the other had been planted only the day before.

With the spirit attendant on their age, they set about their allotted job, beginning with the newly-planted one, which they removed in a very few minutes.

They now set about the other, and toiled for some hours, till fatigue nearly mastered their young frames ; the roots were not only some feet deep, but had ran for yards in all directions, sending up shoots round the parent tree.

Night came on, and they had not nearly completed their task. The next evening they went to their Father heated and tired, saying that they had taken up all that they could, but they feared that there were still some roots that may shoot up again.

“ Now, my dear children,” said the Father,

“ does not this circumstance exactly agree with what I told you yesterday, of the difficulty of removing what time has deeply rooted, therefore learn by these trees to correct every sin the moment you are aware that you possess it, for fear of the trouble that you may have to remove it after it has been suffered to take root, even if time be allowed you, which is only known by Him who rules time ; and remember the impressive old lines, which you have in your spelling-book :—

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,  
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.

## THE TWO MICE.

---

“WHAT are you nibbling, that is so very hard,” said a Mouse one day to his brother, “I heard you, and I came to see.”

“Do not you remember,” said the other, “when the family left this house we found a piece of cheese in the old cupboard which they had forgotten, and we divided it between us? I have eaten all the soft inside, and there is nothing left but the rind, which is so dry that I find it very hard living.”

“It serves you right,” answered his more thoughtful brother, “did you not know that if you eat all the inside first, it would be very hard to eat the outside after. I will tell you

how I have managed, I eat a little of each at every meal ; therefore, I have now as much of the good left as the bad ; you had better, in future, look forward ; forethought keeps many from want, and remember, that if you are extravagant and delicate when you have plenty, there will a time come, when surrounded by hardships, you will repent.”



## SHEEP-WASHING.

---

"COME, Lucy, come," said Mary Mansfield, running into the room where her sister was sitting, "Dear, Uncle John has said he will take us to see the sheep washing at Farmer Benson's." Many lively tales and instructive stories occupied the time as they walked through the green meadows towards the river.

"See, there they are," exclaimed Lucy, "and a man has just caught a sheep and is carrying it into the water, and is beginning to rub the wool all over with the water. Does not Boston look as much pleased as we are to see the sheep being washed," said Mary, putting her arm round the neck of their large Newfoundland dog.

After remaining nearly an hour, well amused at watching the dirty sheep coming up quite clean, and shaking the water out of their wool, the little party turned from the river to retrace their steps homeward.

But they had not gone many yards when a noise, like men calling loudly, met their ear ; they ran back to the river to discover the cause, when they saw one of the poor men had gone deeper than he ought to have done, trying to hold a very wild sheep, and in the struggle had been pulled off his legs ; he was now floating down the stream, "What shall we do ! what shall we do !" said the other two men, seeing the poor fellow and could not render him any assistance, for neither of them could swim.

"Boston !" said Mr. Mansfield, at the same time pointing to the drowning man. It was

D

enough ; the beautiful dog leaped into the stream, swimming boldly up to the now-sinking man, caught firmly hold by his clothes, and brought him to the water's edge.

“ Oh, you dear old dog,” said the two little girls, bursting into tears with joy, “ we shall now love you better than ever.”

The poor man soon recovered himself, and was able in a few minutes to walk to his home.

# THE TWO FOXES.

A FABLE.

---

“WHAT! going out a visiting again, Mr. Reynard?” said a Fox one day on meeting his neighbour setting out on a journey, “I cannot imagine how you can find time for gadding about so much; there can be no good going on at home when the master is so often out; ‘When the cat’s away the mice will play.’”

“Oh, that is very well, Mr. Fox,” answered Reynard, “for you to quote those plausible old sayings, but pray how did you find time last Christmas to walk night and day up and down this hill, whining and yelping, and disturbing the whole neighbourhood?”

“Disturbing the neighbourhood, indeed, Mr. Reynard, do you not remember that was the hunting season, and one after the other I lost my father, brother, and cousins? Well may I have spent days and nights in bewailings.”

“True, Mr. Fox, do as you please, but allow your neighbours to do the same; while you spend your time weeping over the relations you have lost, I will work hard to protect those whom I yet possess;” so good morning.”

Saying this, Mr. Reynard was turning off, when Mr. Fox implored of him to explain what he meant by protecting, “for,” said he, “I have one brother left, and to preserve his life is now my chief care.”

“Before we can prepare ourselves to guard against and avoid evils,” answered Mr. Reynard, kindly turning again, “we must find out

which are the ones most likely to beset us, then tell me how you lost your friends."

"Men came," answered Mr. Fox, with a sigh, "horses were heard gallopping over the hill, wild music came winding on the breeze; I looked out to see what was the cause, when I perceived my poor brother followed by a pack of hounds in full cry, and numbers of horsemen in scarlet; I watched them to the top of yonder hill, they stopped; oh, can I tell the story; the sportsmen returned, hallooing and joking; when lo! I perceived that the first carried my poor brother's tail, which they, laughing, called the *brush*. And thus fell my father and cousin, having been ran down in yonder wood when they did not know the roads to wind about or save themselves."

"It cannot be wondered at, Mr. Fox, for those who do not endeavour in a time of peace

to make friends, must find themselves sadly alone and friendless in a time of need. For thirty miles round there is not a Fox that would not be glad to see me ; their doors are ever open to receive me. Four times have I been followed by the county hounds ; but knowing the country so well, I get safely earthed wherever I please ; I am equally at home every where ; and in return there is not a Fox but is welcome at my house, come when he will ; thus assisting each other we defy the calamities to which we are all so frequently exposed. It is very well to be proud, grand, and independent in a time of peace and good circumstances, but depend on it, in the time of trouble and misfortune, it is a soothing thought to know we have friends on whom we can depend for succour ; here you remain day after day walking about amongst the deer, be-

cause your pride makes you imagine none but your superiors are fit company for you, whereas if the hounds were after you, they would take no more notice of you than if they had never seen you. You neglect your equals, and you must expect they will neglect you in return ; but remember pride generally has a fall sooner or later !”

“ Oh, Mr. Reynard, Mr. Reynard !” exclaimed Mr. Fox, “ I am indeed convinced of the truth of all you say ; I must not expect kindness from others, if I bestow none ; therefore, from this day I will be more sociable and friendly, if you will introduce me, and show me the road.”

“ Thus saying, the two Foxes set off on a friendly visit together, Mr. Fox confessing by the road, that it was wrong to find fault with



others' conduct, judging from outward appearance, without knowing the hidden cause.

Thus frequently do we accuse others of conduct which, did we know the secret reasons, we should ourselves, like the Fox, gladly adopt.

## CHARLES MAYTHORNE.

---

CHARLES MAYTHORNE, a little boy of ten years old, was one morning in winter walking to his school through a busy street in a large town, when he was thus accosted by a strange man, who appeared by his dress to be a gentleman :—

“ My good little fellow, do you see yonder large white house ?” said he pointing to one at some distance.

“ Yes, Sir,” said Charles.

“ Then,” continued the man, “ will you run there with this letter for me, you can go much faster than I can, and I will hold your cloak and remain here till you return.”

Without a thought the good-natured boy ran off, but on his return he neither found the man nor his cloak ; he was a wicked thief, who had been so sly as to get Charles's nice new cloak in this deceitful manner.

# THE TWO WOODCOCKS.

## A FABLE.

---

ONE fine morning in spring two Woodcocks agreed that it was time to set out for their summer homes in Norway.

“And as we live near,” said one, “I hope we shall visit each other.” So saying, they set off; but not long did they fly together.

“Are you going to travel as slowly as this?” said the more dashing of the two, “if so, we must part, for I can fly ten times faster.” “So could I *now*,” answered the other, “but I wish to begin my journey as I can travel all the way.” His companion was by this time out of hearing; but as soon as the sedate Woodcock

arrived in Norway, he called at the house of his more expert friend, but was surprised to find he had not yet arrived. In about a week, however, he called again, and was grieved by finding his neighbour but just returned, and looking thin, weak, and wretched.

“Oh! my more sober friend,” he exclaimed on seeing him, “would I had taken your advice, and set out quietly, such as I may have travelled all the way, for I was seized with a violent palpitation of the heart from over exertion, which detained me two days on a sea-beat rock, where I could only find a little rain-water to drink. Next day I endeavoured to fly a little way very quietly, but after a short journey I found my disorder returning, my breath nearly went, and pain drove me to the necessity of perching on the mast of a ship; the moment I did so, a sailor who was in the rig-

ging, and unperceived by me, caught and took me down on deck ; some said " Kill him !" but the Captain very kindly desired them to let me go. This fright so much increased my disorder that after all my sufferings in getting home, I find I labour under a confirmed disease, for now I cannot move without the palpitation coming on."

How nearly does the melancholy tale of these poor Woodcocks resemble those vain persons, who, trying to eclipse their more sedate neighbours in grandeur, dash on extravagantly till they find to their shame and sorrow they have involved themselves in troubles and difficulties, while no prospect exists to them but a life of poverty and wretchedness.

## THE VISIT TO TOWN.

---

CAROLINE GORDEN, the daughter of a clergyman, was one morning sitting at breakfast, when she received the following note from Miss Hamilton, the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, generally known in that parish as "the Esquire :"—

"MY DEAR CAROLINE,

"I am going to town to-day with my Governess, will you request Mrs. Gordon's permission for you to accompany me, and I will call for you at twelve o'clock.

"Your's affectionately,

"JANE HAMILTON."

The invitation was readily accepted, and the two young companions were eager after their

various little purchases when they arrived in the busy city.

“ I want to go into this shop,” said Caroline, stopping at the door of a stationer.

Jane eyed her young friend with surprise as she bought coloured papers for screens, new pieces of music, and an annual which had just come out, for all of which she paid.

“ How I wished I had money to buy a new Annual to-day,” said Jane, as they journeyed homeward. “ People say that papa is richer than Mr. Gorden, then how is it that you always have so much more money than I have, Caroline ? How much does Mr. Gorden allow you for pocket money every month ?”

“ He allows me one shilling a week,” answered Caroline.

“ Only four shillings a month !” exclaimed Miss Hamilton, “ why I have three shillings a



week ; how in the world then did you save all that I saw you spend to-day."

"Because," said Caroline, "about two years ago I saw mamma pay a young girl sixteen shillings for making some shirts for my little brothers, so I thought I would learn to sew, and now I can work as well as any body ; I make all papa's and my brothers' shirts, instead of strangers, and mamma pays me for it as if I were a work woman ; this is the way I get so much money to spend in books—and I never sew more than two hours in the day either."

Jane thought this a very good plan, and though she said nothing at that time, on their next visit to town she could afford to purchase as much as her friend Caroline Gorden.

# THE OFFICIOUS CARTER.

A FABLE.

---

A CARTER, not less famous for neglecting his own affairs than busying himself about other people's, was one day with his horse ascending a hill, when he was met by a stage-coach, whose horses were rather restive in descending the steep.

“Will you allow me, Mr. Coachman,” said he, “to hold the reins of the leaders to the bottom of the hill?”

“No, I thank you, Mr. Carter,” answered  
E

the driver, "it is not necessary ; I know my horses, and they are only playful ; besides your own horse may not stand alone."

"Oh ! my horse," said the Carter, "will walk on quietly enough ;" so saying, he took the reins, and led the horses to the bottom of the hill.

"I shall not thank you," said the Coachman, "because I did not want your assistance ;" saying this, he drove off, and the Carter turned to follow his own team ; but just as he did so, a sportsman on the other side of the hedge fired his gun. The cart-horse, which had by this time gained the summit of the elevation, took fright at the report, and, the driver not being near to stay him, set off on the gallop down the other side of the hill, overturning the cart at the bottom. It was loaded with earthenware, which was all broken and strewed

about the road against the unfortunate Carter could overtake his charge.

It is generally the case, when people are over busy in the affairs of others, that their own business, like the Carter's, is neglected.

## THE THIEF.

---

AGNES SUTHERLAND was a little girl who was quite notorious in the village of Santon for being quick-sighted, and as the old women termed it, having her wits about her; but it was on one very striking occasion that she gained the greatest praise. Agnes was the only daughter of a little farmer, and was frequently sent by her mother, a good industrious woman, on messages and errands to the neighbouring villages.

On the occasion I am going to relate, she had been sent to discharge a flour-bill, at a mill about two miles distant from her home. Gay

as a lark this little girl was making her way along the path, which led through many waving corn-fields, when in getting over a stile, her foot slipped, and in saving herself she let fall the money, which had been wrapped in paper in her hand. It now, consisting of several sovereigns and shillings, lay scattered on the ground. Agnes quickly commenced gathering it carefully into the paper again, when at that moment a rough sailor overtook her.

“Hey! hey! Miss,” said he; “where are you going with all your money?”

“It is not mine,” said Agnes, by this time having recommenced her walk.

“How far are you going?” he again asked.

“To Merepit Mills.”

“Oh,” said he, “I am going by there, I will call and leave it if you like, and that will save you a long walk?”

"No, thank you," said Agnes, having heard many tales of thieves, "I will take it myself."

"That is if you can keep it," said he, snatching it from her hand, and running as fast as he could towards the public road.

Agnes of course was alarmed, as any other little girl would have been, but instead of staying, crying, or lamenting over what she had lost, ran as fast as she could after the robber.

The man did not know the road, and thinking that having only a mile before passed through a large village, there would not be another before he had outran Agnes, therefore, in the turn in the road he found himself in the midst of people followed closely by the fleet-footed little girl, screaming out "Stop thief! stop him—stop him!" he was of course immediately taken and led before the magistrate, where Agnes appeared, and both modestly and

firmly accused the man, and received back the stolen money.

At the following assizes this man was tried, and transported for seven years.



## THE LITTLE LONDONERS.

---

SUSAN and MARY JACKSON were the only children of a rich London banker ; they had lost their mother when little Mary was only one year old. Mr. Jackson loved his children with the fondest affection of an indulgent parent, but a man of the world, fully occupied with business, he understood nothing about the proper education of little girls. Mr. Jackson had never thought it necessary to change their governess, who was a young girl. Mrs. Jackson had engaged her to teach Susan, when only four years old, and doubtless it had never crossed the father's mind that it required a more finished education to teach girls of nine

and twelve, than little children to spell in the "Reading-made-easy."

However, Miss Moore had taught them good manners, and this was all Mr. Jackson could judge by, as a few hours in the evening was all he saw of his daughters.. Mrs. Jackson had a sister, much her senior, a very amiable widow lady, residing with her only son, a clergyman in Herefordshire. January had commenced, the shortest day was past, and the weather had lost much of the dreariness of winter; even the London fogs were becoming less dense, when Mrs. Edwin sent an invitation to her eldest niece, Susan; she was to return with Mr. Edwin, her cousin, who was then in Town. With some anxiety at leaving Mary, of whom since infancy she had never lost sight for a day, Susan set off for her Herefordshire visit.

There was a kind of melancholy about this

little girl, or perhaps it may be more properly termed a sweet gentleness of disposition, which inclined her to love every good person, and admire every beauty of nature.

Susan was received by Mrs. Edwin with affection quite new to her, and the kind lady wept with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain, at beholding in her niece so great a resemblance to her departed sister. "God grant that you may grow up as like her in disposition, my love," said Mrs. Edwin, as she parted with her little charge for the night.

"Now, Susan," said her Aunt, as soon as breakfast was over on the following morning, "you must write to your sister, and tell her all about your journey and safe arrival."

"Dear Aunt," answered Susan, "I never wrote a letter in my life ; I have no idea how to begin, or what to say.

“Why, my love, did you not tell me last night that you wrote the direction on your box?” “Yes, Aunt, I do not mean that I cannot write, for I have always written copies, and Miss Moore told me what to put on the direction.”

“If your dear mother had been living, Susan, your education would not have been so much neglected, but we must see what we can do to make up for lost time. You must write a letter to Mary, that she may know that you have arrived safely, then after to-day you shall write a letter to her every other day, telling her all you see and do ; that will improve you faster than any other plan I can suggest.”

Susan set about one immediately, telling her sister to expect to receive a longer and a better letter the next time she wrote.

I will give you the sister's correspondence :—

“ MY DEAR MARY,

“ Yesterday morning I wrote no less than six letters on the slate, which my cousin was so kind as to correct for me ; he then wrote answers to them, which has given me a much better idea of how I begin this letter, than I had of the last I sent to you. I then told you very little more than that I had arrived safely, and that my aunt was tall, with dark hair and black eyes ; but now I will tell you about my journey, that you may have more idea of travelling than I had when I left London. About nine miles from town we crossed a large common, called Hounslow Heath. As we travelled about ten miles farther, my cousin pointed out to me Windsor Castle, one of the palaces of the king and queen ; it must be a beautiful place. Mr. Edwin said there were lakes there, with pleasure boats, and very fine gardens. I should like to see it near, of all things. We dined at Oxford, and were only given twenty minutes, so that I had no time to see any thing of that town, which is a great university ; that means schools for the education of

young gentlemen for the high professions, such as barristers and clergymen, but most men in high life are educated there, who are only intended for private gentlemen. Do you remember last week reading a tale about Alfred, a great king who lived long before William the Conqueror, he it is said was the one who built the first college at Oxford, it is called "University College." The same guard came all the way with us, but we had four different coachmen, and gave them a shilling each when they had driven their stages. I saw several people who were outside passengers give them only sixpence, but my cousin said they always expect more from those who are inside the coach. Cheltenham is a clean, gay-looking town, but I should think not very large, for we were soon through it after we had changed horses. It is a fashionable watering place, and invalids go there to drink the waters, like at Llandrindod Wells, in Radnorshire, where our uncle Richard spent two months last year. We next came to Gloucester, which is a large county town, I cannot tell you much about it, for we passed through very quickly; there is a large harbour there, and a great number of ships, it put me in mind of the river Thames. It was dark before we came through

Ross, but I thought of our little tale about John Kyrle, the "Man of Ross," who built a church and did so many good things there. At ten o'clock at night we arrived in Hereford, after a journey of sixteen hours. Highland Rectory is five miles from Hereford, and we came here in a "fly," which is a small carriage drawn by one horse. Mr. Edwin had not ordered his carriage to meet us, because he did not know whether we should sleep one night on the road, which he had intended to have done, if I had been very tired. I have now finished the account of the first day, and I will also finish my letter, with kindest love to papa and Miss Moore.

"Believe me to remain, my dear Mary,

"Your's affectionately,

"SUSAN JACKSON."

---

### THIRD LETTER TO MARY JACKSON.

"YESTERDAY, my dear Mary, Mr. Edwin took me to a large farm-house, near this place, to see how cider was made; and now I will describe it to you, as well as I can, after first telling you that Herefordshire is the most famed county in England for cider. We were very

politely conducted by a very gentleman-like man, who was the master of the place, to a kind of outhouse or shed, which was erected over the cider mill, to keep the men and horse, when working there, from the inclemency of the weather. The cider mill itself is a flat stone building, about half a yard high and three or four yards across, but they are built of different sizes, and there is a kind of trough cut all round the top of this flat, in which a large stone, in shape like a wheel, is so fixed that it is led round on its edge in the hollow, or trough, by a horse which walks round on the ground outside.

“The apples being put into this trough, the stone travels round and round over them, crushing them to a small pulpy mash ; it is then taken out in this state, and put into a cloth made of horse hair, and arranged under a press, which is wound down tight upon it, and squeezes all the juice out into a tub, placed to catch it ; in this state you never saw muddy water in a puddle look thicker or more disagreeable. It is next put into a hogs-head, which is the common sized vessel generally used in Herefordshire—it contains sixty-three gallons. The cider then ferments, some of the dirt working out at the top, and some sinking to the bottom ; in a few days after it



is drawn off and put into a clean vessel, leaving the dirt; this is called racking, which is repeated until the cider is quite clear, but I was told it requires age to make it as fine and bright as we have seen it in papa's glass at dinner.

“ When we were returning from the farm, we saw a man setting traps for moles. I was very much amused at the sly way in which this is performed. The moles, you must try to understand, Mary, have little roads under the ground, these they work out with their fore feet, which look exactly like little hard hands, not quite an inch long, but remarkably strong and sturdy; and after getting a good deal of earth together, they lift it out of their way through a hole on the surface of the ground; they perform this by running their heads under it, and pushing it up with this motion, these are called “mole tumps;” and it is in the runs between these heaving places that the trap is laid. It consists of a little square piece of wood, the width of the run, with a small bow of wood in it to form the round of the hole, and a string is placed in a little notch cut round inside this bow, with the other end tied to a large bended stick, with a powerful spring, which is tied down by a little stick in the middle

of the trap. When the mole comes it finds this little stick in the way in its road, and begins to scratch it from there, not at the same time knowing any thing about the catch string, which being rounded as large as the run, it cannot see, therefore it scratches on, till out comes this middle stick, and up flies the string, which pulls it up tight round the body, and holds it there. I have read, and I dare say you have too, Mary, that the mole has no eyes ; but this is a great mistake, it is not blind, for it is known to all experienced mole-catchers, that if a crack remain round the trap where the light can creep in, the mole will not come there to work. I had one in my hand, and I looked at the eyes, they are very small, not so large as a pin's head, and in colour a bright blue, the shade of the sky on a summer's evening. Another thing I discovered in this little animal, which is not generally known, the mole I held in my hand was nearly white. The old man afterwards showed me a cream-coloured, a grey, and a brown mole. Now, my dear Mary, be assured you know more of the mole than most of the people whose homes are surrounded by them. I hope you will be able to understand this, my dear Mary, and believe me to remain,

Your affectionate sister,

“ SUSAN JACKSON.”

F

## FOURTH LETTER FROM SUSAN TO MARY.

“MY DEAR MARY,

“I have not yet received your answering letter, but as it is my aunt’s wish that I should write a letter every other day, of course I shall do so ; for if did not do all in my power to please so kind a friend, I should deserve to lose her.

“There is a large bark-yard near Highland Rectory ; as we were walking by there yesterday, not guessing that it was any thing else, I asked my cousin for what purpose people had made such a large rick of old dried sticks. He laughed and called me a little goose, then after told me all about it. Bark is the outer rind of trees, the sort generally used for the purpose I am going to relate, is that of the oak ; after being stripped off, it is carefully dried out of doors, when thus harvested, it is built up into large ricks, so as to prevent the rain getting into it. After standing in this manner a convenient time, people, chiefly women and girls, are employed to scrape all the moss and dirt off the outside of each piece, they then chop it into small bits, and it is after ground

in a mill still finer. When this is finished it is put into a hole, cut in the earth, so lined as to hold water, which is then poured upon it. My cousin put me to guess what all this bark and water could be for, and for what all this trouble had been taken. Of course I was obliged to confess that I was such an ignorant little girl that I did not know. My dear Susan, he kindly said, you have never been told, nor ever had good and useful books chosen for you to read, and it is not to be expected that you could have dreamed all about it; but if you will take pains to remember, and also to teach all the little people who are like yourself in darkness on the subject, I will tell you the rest. You must understand, he continued, that when animals, suppose we say the cow and calf, are killed, they are skinned, and the skin is then put into lime and water, which loosens the hair so that it can be very easily scraped off. When quite clean, this skin is put into the pit of bark and water, that I have before described, which is called a tan-pit; after being left in this a certain time, the tan turns the skin into leather, such as our boots and shoes are made with. If there be any part of this letter that you do not exactly understand, papa will tell you, for of course he knows

all about it. My aunt desires her love, and you are to tell our dear papa that she has received his letter. And believe me to remain,

“ Your affectionate sister,

“ SUSAN JACKSON.”

---

#### FIFTH LETTER FROM SUSAN TO MARY.

“ Joy, joy, beyond measure, my dear Mary, Mr. Edwin is again called to London on the same business that took him there the last time, and my dear, good aunt is going to send an invitation for you to return with him and spend the whole summer in the country. I know papa will allow it, because he said the change would be beneficial to my health, and of course it will be the same to you. I have no time to write more now, on account of it being my bed-time, and my cousin starts early to-morrow morning.

“ Your's affectionately,

“ SUSAN JACKSON.”

---

THE meeting of these good little girls may be easily imagined ; Susan had a thousand new

things to show little Mary, having been all her life shut up in the middle of London, she had never seen a chicken or duck except on the dinner-table, and for the first week or two in the country, there was not an hour in which the little Londoners did not find new funds for amusement.

# THE ROOK & THE WILD DUCK.

A FABLE.

---

ONE fine day in the beginning of April, a Rook flew down from a tall old elm tree in a nobleman's park, and alighting on the margin of a sedgy lake, which lay in the centre of the grove, after strutting about for some time her attention was drawn to a fine wild duck which was greedily devouring a large fat frog from the mud, close to the tuft of rushes whereon she was making her nest.

“It is very well for those who can find their food so near them,” said the Rook, in a jealous

discontented voice, "I am obliged to hunt the country round for so much as a grub or worm ; and at last, when quite fatigued, my home is on the top of yonder high elm, which I have to mount ere I rest."

"And where," replied the Duck, "I have frequently observed you with envy ; would I had a nest so out of the way of every little disturbance to which I am here exposed, and you should have all the worms and grubs about the lake."

"Agreed," said Mrs. Rook, "there is my nest, which I have quite finished building, take possession of it, and I will do the same by yours."

Thus they parted, and the Duck with great rejoicing flew off to her new home.

In one month after, by accident, these two ladies met again, they were both looking ex-



tremely ill and thin, whilst tears were streaming from their eyes.

“Oh! Mrs. Duck, Mrs. Duck!” exclaimed the Rook, on recognizing her, “what have I not suffered since I saw you last? Soon after you left me, I had laid a sufficient number of eggs, and I went to sit, but every moment of the day was I alarmed off my nest by noises totally new to me. The ducks fluttered round, the noise of the wild geese which frequent the lake, the deer coming down to drink close by me, and many such grievances, to which nature had not called me into habit, frightened me so frequently from my nest, that out of my five eggs three were addled. This, of course, was a great disappointment, but I endeavoured through attention to the remaining ones, to forget and overcome my grief for the others that I had lost.

“My two young ones were only three days old, when just as I returned to them with a fine grub, one of them tumbled over the edge of the rushes into the water, the top of the nest being nearly flat.

“In agony of grief, I was endeavouring to rescue it from a watery grave, when a large pike, thinking I suppose that it was a frog, dashed at it, and swallowed it whole before me.

“In tears and sorrow I turned to my only remaining offspring, and redoubled my care and attention, hoping at any rate to save that one, when in two days after this loss, the nobleman's two sons came down to fish at the lake, and with them a little spaniel, which in frolicsome gambols ran about the banks, and into the water.

“‘William!’ cried the eldest of the boys, ‘call the dog, he is amongst the ducks.’

“ ‘There are none at this time that are not old enough to swim out of his way,’ answered his brother.

“And I was witness that this remark was very true, but at this moment the spaniel leaped upon my nest, my poor young one was not fledged, it tried and tried to fly, for swim of course it could not ; I tried all in my power to drive the dog away, but as if in play he continued to toss my little one about ; at length he tossed it over his back into the water ; it was by this time quite dead, and therefore sank from my sight for ever ; I quitted my desolate nest, to return to my former home. But now that I have told my troubles, Mrs. Duck, will you relate to me what it is that grieves you so much, and makes you thus a companion in tears.”

“Similar circumstances to your own,” said the Duck, “for after laying as many eggs as

my nest would conveniently hold, I went to sit, which I was obliged to do all day, with my eyes shut. I was dazzled and giddy with my new elevation ; and in high winds and battering storms, instead of pressing closely in my sedgy retreat, it was painful in the extreme to keep my seat in so exposed a situation ; at length my eggs were hatched, but no sooner, on the following day when I quitted my nest for food, did my young ones find I was gone, than, dictated by the law of nature, they followed me, as they thought on the water ; once over the edge of the nest, of course they fell to the earth, and were dashed to atoms ; I am now on my way to the lake, would that I had never quitted it."

Thus too frequently is it the case with persons who are discontented with their state, though surrounded by everything necessary to

their comfort. They seek change, like the birds in the fable, fancying every one in happier circumstances than themselves. And when too late to regain that with which they at first willingly parted, they regret and weep over their faded destiny. They who are suddenly elevated, or sunk from a lofty station, are never so happy as when possessors of that to which nature, birth, and education fitted, and use had accustomed them.

## THE COUSINS.

---

THE Rev. Juan Lumley was one of the most domesticated men in Devonshire, and George, his only son, who had just attained his thirteenth year, one of the most amiable boys. He had been brought up and educated under the care of his parents, whom he promised to bless by proving all they could wish to see.

“George,” said Mr. Lumley one morning after breakfast, “you shall go with me to-day to see your uncle, who has just returned from India.”

“Thank you, father, I shall be delighted to

go," answered George, "for I long to see my cousin; how old is he?"

"Your own age within a month," said Mr. Lumley.

On their arrival at Calver Hall, Mr. Lumley and George were shewn through several splendid rooms into a drawing-room, fitted up in the eastern style, and on an ottoman, supported by green velvet pillows, trimmed with gold lace, sat a little, yellow, withered-looking man. Mr. Lumley had known his wife's brother, they had been at school together in early days, but he could scarcely recognise one feature in the invalid before him, such a wreck had the East Indies made upon his health, while at the same time it procured for him immense wealth.

They had conversed for several minutes when a pale thin boy entered the room. He

was George's cousin, but no one would have guessed but that he had been at least three years younger, instead of the same age.

"Sebastian, my bird of Paradise, come forward, these are your uncle and cousin," said Mr. Legworth, in a faint voice.

The two boys soon after left the room. "Come," said Sebastian, "into our garden, I will show you many pretty things." There were some beautiful birds in large cages made down to the ground. "Now walk a little farther," said he, "and I will show you a larger bird, but I always take water to throw on that one, it teazes him so much, that it is quite amusing."

George, the kind-hearted George, was astonished to hear such a sentence, but thought he did not know his cousin well enough yet to tell him how wicked he was, but merely



answered, "I like birds best when I see them flying about in the trees, I dread prison so much myself."

At this moment Sebastian interrupted what he was going to say, by dashing water into a very much larger cage than any George had yet seen. He now looked into this cage, but what horror ran through his heart when he beheld in it a little negro boy, nearly naked, rubbing his eyes, for the water had been dashed suddenly into them.

"Oh, Sebastian, is that not a boy?" said George, his voice showing plainly the sorrow of his heart.

"Yes," said Sebastian laughing, "and he has not been out since we arrived. When papa was able to go about, he was let out so many hours every day, but now I take good care to keep him in, and I have such fun with him, for

he never has any thing to eat except what I choose, and sometimes I only bring him bread soaked in vinegar, and he makes such wry faces when he is eating it."

"Oh dear, Sebastian, are you really in earnest?" and large tears began to roll down George's cheeks as he spoke; "then will you, as this is the first time you ever saw your cousin, grant him a favour? and I will do any thing in the world that I can in return."

"Yes," answered Sebastian, awed by the very serious manner in which George spoke.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," exclaimed George, snatching his cousin's hand, "then it is to let me have that boy out here to walk about and to give him something nice to eat."

Sebastian took a key from his pocket and gave it to George, "this opens the cage," said he, "and I will go to the house, and order a

plate of meat and bread to be brought here. George opened the door expecting Jaco to burst out at once into the open air, but was surprised to see that he did not move, but gazed on him in the same supplicating manner as when his cage was locked.

“Will you not come out a little while, poor boy?” said George, taking his thin black trembling hand.

“Oh! Massa,” said he, “am I to be whipped?”

“No; you shall never be whipped again if I can prevent it; I will take care you are not hurt now, so come out.” George led him about in the open air several yards from his den, and talked to him as kindly as if he had been his brother.

“Did God send you here?” asked the Negro, “for massa’s daughter, before I was sold to this

massa, told me not to forget to pray to the Great God whom she had told me about, and that He would save me ; and if I was ill-used, if I still kept a good boy, and prayed, God would send some one to help me."

Tears again filled the eyes of the amiable George, as he answered this poor untaught child of misfortune : " Yes, boy , and now I pray to that same God, that I may live to tell you all I know about Him, and see him make you happy." The Negro fell on his knees and repeated George's words.

Sebastian now returned, followed by a very smart livery-servant carrying a plate ; this pampered servant, equally untaught as the Negro, had always considered the Black more as a dog than as a fellow-creature, framed by the same Great Maker, with the same form and feelings.

And he now eyed George with a grinning

surprise, as he took the arm of the poor black and raised him from his knees.

“Thank you,” said George, taking the plate from him; “you may go back to the house, I will act your part.”

On turning, George discovered that at the approach of Sebastian, Jaco had crept back into his den; leading him out of this place, which struck him with disgust, George made him sit on the daisy-covered grass, and staid with him till he had finished his meal; Sebastian stood at some distance carelessly tossing a ball, and every now and then eyeing them in astonishment.

During a long walk round the gardens after this meal, George studied hard to discover the disposition of his cousin, that he may find which would be his best way to work upon his feelings for the freedom of Jaco. He did not

wish to offend him, and he plainly saw that Sebastian, since an infant, had had his own way.

A week passed away, during which time no day had escaped on which George had not rode on his pony to Calver Hall, and twice prevailed on Sebastian to return with him.

Mr. Segworth's health declined daily, and at the end of a fortnight after the Lumleys' first visit, he could not leave his bed. Finding his end fast approaching, the vanities of the world lost their taste, and the dying man reflected on the many cruelties of which he had been the principal instrument in the Indies, and the life of ease and vanity he had spent gave him no comforting hopes for the future.

One morning after Mr. Lumley had been reading and talking to the sick man for some hours, and praying with him most earnestly,

Mr. Segworth said in a very low voice, for his life was now ebbing fast to its close, "Give me your hand, my brother: I have a son," he continued, "he has been neglected sadly—sadly neglected," and here his emotions overpowered him; again recovering himself, he resumed, "when his too-indulgent father is laid beneath the cold earth, which I feel must soon be the case, will you take him to your home—teach him—warn him—make him as your son is now. I have expressed this hope in my will, and have therefore left you sole guardian. Now, may I see the boys?—I feel it will be for the last time." They were both in the next room; on approaching the bed, "Sebastian!" said Mr. Segworth, taking his son's hand, "I am dying, I must leave you—and with the blessing of God I give you to the care of the best of men." He now placed his son's hand in that

of Mr. Lumley's—"Be to him a father; and Sebastian, be to him a son—obey him in every thing;" he then placed the hand of George on the others, and blessed them; they sank on their knees—and, leaning back on his pillow, the rich East Indian was no more.

I shall pass over the following week, which bore the remains of Mr. Segworth from his satin couches and velvet bed, to a last resting-place beneath the churchyard stone. On the will being opened, it was discovered that when he was of age, Sebastian was master of six thousand pounds a year; the remainder was left to Mr. Lumley, except small relics to his old servants. Mr. Segworth had plainly seen that Sebastian was tired of the slave, and perhaps hoping in future he may be better used, he had left Jaco as a present to George; no thousands could have pleased him so well.



The following night poor Jaco, after a good supper, and prayers first repeated by George, slept for the first time in his life on a feather bed.

Years of improvement and happiness now paced each other at the Rectory. Sebastian's pale thin face had gained colour and animation, while his limbs gained strength and vigour, but what was of far more consequence, he was become an amiable, kind-hearted boy, looking up to, and following his cousin, whom he loved, in everything. Jaco had now the place of principal attendant on his young master, and is frequently seen on the box of the carriage, or fishing, and climbing the hills with his two protectors, for whom at the shortest notice poor Jaco would lay down his life.

## THE SEA-SIDE VISIT.

---

THE morning after their arrival at the sea-side, Mrs. Conroy and her little daughter Mary, went for a walk on the sands. The child was delighted to watch the fishing-boats popping up and down on the waves.

“Do you think mamma,” said she, at length turning from gazing at them, “that any ships are ever out all night upon the rolling sea?”

“Oh, yes, my dear, indeed I do,” answered Mrs. Conroy, “they are very frequently out for years, day and night, only sometimes touching at the land to take in water and provisions. When ships are blown out of their line, they are of course much longer going to their place of destination.”

“Then what do they do to send for a doctor when they are ill, like I am now, mamma ; and if a person were to die at sea, how could they bury him ? do they take coffins with them to be ready, and bury them when they happen to call at any land ?”

“No, my dear,” said Mrs. Conroy, “when a person dies at sea, the body is bound up in a sheet and cast into the water.”

“Oh, mamma, how dreadful,” exclaimed Mary, “without a coffin, and without prayers, and for the great fish to eat. Oh, I hope no friend of mine will ever die at sea.”

“They are not buried without prayers, Mary, for in all large ships which go out on long voyages, there is a clergyman amongst her crew ; they have prayers on Sunday, the same as in church. And the burial service is read over a dead body, the only difference is, instead

of giving the body to the earth to moulder away in the cold damp grave, it is thrown into the sea."

"It is of very little consequence if a person has been good on earth and has done his duty while living, what becomes of his body afterwards, how or where it is buried; the soul is then of the only value,—and as the psalmist, David, said, "If I dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall God's hand lead me." God will not forget the soul of a good and faithful servant, let his body die where it may. The sea is full of thousands and thousands of living animals, fish, and insects, some smaller than the eye can perceive, and you know, Mary, that these little things are all made by God, and not one of the smallest of them could die without his will. How much more then must the human soul be in His keeping."

## THE READING CHILDREN.

---

It was always my dear Mamma's custom, when we were little children, to insist on our knowing how everything was made, or where it came from, that we wanted, before she allowed us to have the use or enjoyment of it.

I very well remember one day asking for some cotton, when Mamma enquired where it came from, and what it was. I felt very happy to surprise Mamma, for I had that very morning been reading the history of the cotton tree, so I said with some consequence—

“ Cotton grows on a tree, Mamma, which tree flourishes both in the East and West Indies.

The fruit is about the size of a walnut ; when it is ripe, the shell bursts, the cotton which is inside is then gathered, and is spun into different sizes for use, both for weaving into muslins, and for what is called sewing cotton."

Mamma smiled, and gave me some immediately ; but just as I finished speaking, my little brother came into the room to ask Mamma for some Indian rubber, to take the pencil lines from his sum-book, and a bit of sponge to clean his slate.

Mamma as usual asked for an explanation of each, but she did not know that George had been reading with me in the morning, in which book these two things were also explained.

"Indian rubber," said he, "is a kind of resin which flows out of a tree in a liquid state, this tree is found both in Asia and America."

"If it run out as a liquid, how is it

made hard as we have it for use?" asked mamma.

"When it dries," replied George, perfectly acquainted with it, "it becomes hard, at least, about the substance of leather. The people, where it is gathered, use it for making bottles, and boots, and all such things as leather could be used for. Sponge grows in the sea, and is found like moss sticking to rocks and shells that are under the water. Sponge is supposed to be the habitation of some little animals,—it is chiefly brought from Constantinople and the states of Barbary."

Mamma called us very good children, and gave George directly what he wanted.

## THE TWO SISTERS.

---

MARY and Sophia Milton were the only children of Lieutenant Milton, who lived in a very retired manner upon the pay which he received from the army. These two little girls had the misfortune to lose their mother when they were very young ; but they were taken to the house of a widowed aunt, the sister of Lieutenant Milton.

Mrs. Wilson was extremely amiable, and treated Mary and Sophia as kindly as if she had been their own mother. She was very well educated and accomplished ; Mary was very attentive, and learnt every thing that her aunt was so kind as to teach ; but Sophia often



made her very unhappy, for she was so naughty that she would not learn any thing, as well as being very idle and ill-tempered ; poor Mary did all she could, both by example and advice, to make her attend to her books, but to no purpose. Sophia would lean, and lay, and mope away her time as listlessly as though she had been half her time asleep."

"Oh, Sophia," said Mary, one day as they were alone in the garden, "how wicked you are not to try to learn, if it were but to please our dear aunt ; and what will become of you when you grow a woman ; now you are almost twelve and cannot write, nor read fit to be heard ; and as for history, geography, and grammar, you know no more about it than when you were born. You know our father is poor and old, and when he dies, what he now receives from the army will cease ; and

if you continue so ignorant, how can you get your living in any respectable manner ?”

Sophia only laughed at her good sister, and calling her governess, told her to take care of herself, and she dared say she should do as well as other people.

Mary's sense, as well as her learning, was superior to her age ; she fancied Sophia would be made learn if she were sent to some good school ; but this she did not like to mention to her Aunt, because she knew she could not afford to send her there.

One evening she was invited to drink tea at the Vicarage ; the clergyman's daughter, who was about her own age, was very much attached to her.

This young lady was the only one to whom Mary intended disclosing her secret.

“ If I had money enough to buy paints and

H

velvet," she said, "I am sure I could make bell-pulls, bags, and footstools, for sale, and get some money without putting my Aunt, whose income is very small, to any inconvenience."

"But I thought," said Miss Melville, "that your Papa gave you money to buy your clothes."

"So he does," answered Mary, "but I will tell you, if you will promise to keep my secret, what I want to do with it. I am very unhappy that my sister is so ignorant, and she will not learn anything at home; now I think if she could be sent to school, she would be obliged to learn, so if I could get about twenty pounds, I would give it to my Aunt, and she could send her to some good school for a year at least."

Miss Melville promised to do all in her

power to assist her, but feared she could not succeed ; but Miss Melville did not know what perseverance could do. Mary accepted a sovereign from her friend, for which she was to have the first pair of bell-pulls ; and with a light heart Mary set about her task, for after she had bought paints and velvet, she had eleven shillings spare to pay her for her trouble, and trouble was by this industrious girl counted as nothing. At the end of a long summer, Mary's trunk, which she had kept carefully locked, was full of painted bell-pulls, bags, and covers for music-stools, and as she got on so well, Miss Melville had one day brought her a present of enough of rich white Gros de Naples for a dress, this she had also painted beautifully, with large bunches of flowers.

“ Is Mary at home ? ” asked Miss Melville, one morning.

“Yes, my dear,” answered the Aunt; “but she spends most of her time locked by herself in her bedroom.”

“Indeed!” said Miss Melville, pretending not to know anything about it, “and what does she do there?”

“Draw, she tells me,” said Mrs. Wilson; “I am afraid the dear girl will injure her health, for I can scarcely ever make her walk out, she is always studying something. I wish Sophia was more like her,” she added, as tears started to her eyes.

“Miss Melville now ran up stairs; Mary knew her step, and opened the door. “My dear Mary,” she said, “I have such good news to tell you, and I am come so early, to see if I can help you. You have often heard me talk of old Mrs. Groves, who nursed me, she is come from London to see us; and yesterday



she told me that her daughter is in a large shop in London, where all sorts of fancy things are sold ; she named just such things as these, so will it not be a good chance to sell them there, and send them up by her ? she is going to-morrow. Now I will pack them while you write down the prices on a piece of paper, for perhaps we shall never have so good a chance again."

Mary had just finished a band, and in about two hours the friends had the box packed and all ready for Town ; and Miss Melville promised to send a footman for it in the evening. The little bill was as follows :—

|                                     | £.  | s. | d |
|-------------------------------------|-----|----|---|
| 12 Bell-pulls at 1 Pound each....   | 12  | 0  | 0 |
| 12 Bands, at 3 Shillings each.....  | 1   | 16 | 0 |
| 6 Bags, at 5 Shillings each.....    | 1   | 10 | 0 |
| 6 Music-stools, at 5 Shillings each | 1   | 10 | 0 |
| 1 Dress .....                       | 6   | 0  | 0 |
| Sum total.....                      | £22 | 16 | 0 |

Mary was astonished at the sum total, she feared she had charged too highly ; but at the end of the week she received all the money, with a letter saying they would buy as many dresses as she could paint for the next year. Poor Mary was delighted, and taking her Aunt into a room alone, she gave her the money, and told her all about it. Any good child can easily imagine how much pleased Mrs. Wilson was at her conduct ; the old lady wept with joy, as she kissed her niece.

“ I shall not tell your sister how I got the money,” said she, “ I shall only say that as she will not learn at home, I intend to send her to school, for as she is too ignorant to feel your kindness, Mary, she may only dislike you for sending her where I hope she will be obliged to learn.”

Mary thought her aunt very right, and that

night, when she laid down in bed, she felt happier than ever she had done before.

The next morning, after breakfast, Mrs. Wilson said, "Sophia, it is your father's and my intention to send you to school ; the place I have fixed upon is about sixty miles distant, and the school opens in a week, when you will start."

"I should like to know," said Sophia, in a sulky tone, "why I should be sent to school any more than Mary?"

"Because," said her aunt, "Mary is good and amiable, and improves herself in every thing as fast she can, at home."

"I can't be teased to learn more at any school than I am here," said this naughty child, "so I do not care where I am sent ; they shall not make me do what I don't like."

Time passed away—Sophia had now been at



school twelve months—the most backward girl in the establishment, although there were many there only half her age ; she was so ill-tempered that she would not learn, and her teachers gave up all hope of ever improving her. Thus she returned to her aunt, with all poor Mary's hard-earned money thrown away on this good-for-nothing girl.

A few days after she arrived at home, Mrs. Wilson was taken very ill, and with all the doctor's care and Mary's good nursing, she hourly grew worse and worse. Mr. Milton was sent for, but only arrived just in time to receive his sister's blessing before she died.

The little property which she had now went back to her husband's relations, and Mr. Milton, after the funeral was over, took his two daughters to live with him in his little cottage.

Mary endeavoured to bear the change as cheerfully as she could, and hoped to prove a comfort to her father in his old age.

“I only keep a little girl to tend on me, my dears,” said he, “and a neighbour comes in sometimes to help her, but now I must try to keep a servant besides, for you have been used to be waited upon.”

“Oh, no, father,” said Mary, “you shall not spend your money to keep us in idleness; allow the little girl to stay, and I will see if I cannot manage without another servant, and if I find I cannot, then will be time enough to have one.”

But this time never came, Mary was up with the larks in the morning, and Mr. Milton could scarcely believe the neat, clean, and lively place he now saw, could be his (till lately) dirty and dull cottage.

Sophia was very dissatisfied, she called the place lonely ; no stage coaches passing as at her aunt's, no any thing to answer her, and she laid in bed till the breakfast was ready every morning, although it was her own sister who had cleaned the room, and put it all in order.

One morning when Mary was busy ironing, which she had now learnt to do very nicely, she begged of her sister to make the bed for her.

“No, indeed,” said Sophia, “if I am obliged to work, I will go out at once to service, and leave this dull, stupid place, for I hate it.”

The next day she requested a neighbour to answer an advertisement in the newspaper, for a companion to an elderly lady, living in town ; and in a few days after she was sent for to London.

The first that Mr. Milton or Mary heard of

it, was when she told them she was going to start next day.

Mr. Milton was of course very unhappy to have so ungovernable a child, but hoping that it may turn out for her good, he allowed her to go.

But although turned sixteen, Sophia little guessed what a companion to a lady may be required to do ; perhaps she fancied it would do to lay in bed half the day, and then walk, and lay about, and just talk to the lady when she felt inclined.

“ Miss Milton, come and read to me,” said the old lady, on the third day after Sophia had been there. She turned pale, but began to read as well as she could, but what with hacking, stopping, and spelling words into herself, she made no sense at all of what she read.

“ Mercy on me,” exclaimed her mistress,

“cannot you read better than that ? then shut up the book ; I cannot bear it.”

The next day the old lady told her to answer a letter which was laying on the table. Sophia, after some time, did manage to read enough of it to know what it was about.

“What am I to say, madam,” she asked.

“Surely,” answered the lady, “you know what sort of thing to say in answer to an invitation, when I tell you I accept it.”

How Sophia wished she could now see her sister for one moment, to ask her what she ought to say ; but she did not feel ashamed to think that she had had more chance to learn than her sister. She wrote something as well as she could, hoping that the old lady would not wish to see it ; but as soon as she finished, “Let me see your hand writing,” she said.

After looking at it for some time, she began,

“ Miss Milton, you must leave me ; you will not suit me at all ; such writing, and such spelling, my kitchen-maid would blush to put on paper.”

With her pride very much wounded, Sophia was obliged to start for her father's cottage on the following morning.

It was Saturday when she arrived there ; Mary had cleaned the little parlour, and after making herself extremely neat, was sitting sewing at the cottage door, and talking to her father, who was tying up the roses which grew all over the porch.

Sophia was very much ashamed when she was obliged to confess what was the reason that she had been sent home ; but when Mary advised her now to make the best of her time to learn to read and write, saying that it was never too late to improve.

Sophia only said, "No, indeed, she was not going to trouble herself to learn anything, if she would not do for a companion or governess, she may get some other place."

Sophia's pride was again very much hurt, for one day, soon after she returned home, a very smart footman rode up to the door with a letter for Miss Milton. It was from Lady Montgomery, who lived about two miles from Mose Cottage, and who having seen Mary's paintings, embroidery, and beautiful hand-writing, had sent to request that she would come and live with her, to teach her two little girls.

What, thought Sophia, would I give to be able to spend my days over again, how fast I would learn, for how delightful it would have been if I had been able to go and live at the Castle, and go about in the carriage with the young ladies.

Mary wrote back a very polite note to her ladyship, saying that she should have been very proud and happy to teach her children, but that she could not leave her poor old father quite alone.

Sophia had only been a month at home when she again left it to go as maid to a lady in a neighbouring town ; there she was quite as badly off as in her first situation. The lady wanted her hair dressed every day in high plaits ; Sophia could not even comb it out, she was so clumsy and stupid. She required her maid also to iron her frills and caps ; but Sophia could not iron even a straight thing fit to be seen. The lady wanted her dresses made, but Sophia could scarcely sew at all, let alone make dresses. So after a month's trial, the lady told her that she did not suit her. She wept bitterly when her mistress



told her so; and the lady allowed her to remain in her house a day or two, till she enquired in the town if she could find another place. She at last heard of a lady who wanted a second nurse; this was a very humble capacity, but anything were better, she thought, than being laughed at by every one, for she knew she should be, if she were sent home again so soon. She, therefore, went to the lady's house, but almost the first question she asked Sophia was, "Can you sew very nicely? for I have all the childrens' clothes made at home."

"Not very well, Madam; but I am very willing to learn," was her answer.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said the lady, "you will not do for my place then, if you are not a beautiful sewer, and been very much used to it, too."

So thus was Sophia again obliged to return to her father's cottage.

But she was very much alarmed as she approached the house, to see the doctor coming out at the door with a very melancholy face ; she soon learnt that Mr. Milton was dangerously ill with scarlet fever.

The moment Sophia heard this, she turned quickly from the cottage, and going to a farm near, begged to be taken in there, fearing to go to her father's, for she thought she should catch the fever and die.

“And what if you did catch it?” said the old mistress of the farm, who knew her very well ; “Mary is with him day and night, and if she were to die, your better would be gone.” The old woman spoke the truth, but Miss Sophia would listen to her no more, but turned off and walked to the town, where she was

taken into a little public-house, to help to wait on the visitors, it being fair day.

The moment Mary heard that Sophia was in the neighbourhood, she sent to her, begging she would come to her father, as he wished to see her before he died. But she sent back to say she was very sorry, but she was afraid to come and she hoped her father would soon be well.

Mary was really shocked at her sister's conduct, and sent her a note telling her that she ought to be ashamed of herself, and that when their poor father was in the grave, she would be sorry that she had acted in such an ungrateful manner.

Sophia, the wicked, hard-hearted Sophia, only laughed at this note, and vowed she would never speak to her sister again, she was so offended with her. That night Mr. Milton died, and poor Mary the next day

was herself taken ill of the fever ; she felt very happy, for she thought if it should please God that she was to die too, she had done her duty to her parent, as a good and affectionate child ought to have done.

“ Mary was so much beloved by every one of the neighbours, that if she had been a Queen instead of a poor pennyless orphan, she could not have met with more attention and kindness.

The clergyman of the parish came himself to beg that she would not make herself unhappy about her father's funeral, for he promised to manage it all as if he had been his own parent.

All her friends were well paid for their attention to her, by seeing Mary, after a week of pain, daily recovering ; and all the village was delighted once more to see their favourite walking about.

The clergyman was a young man who lived with his mother ; this old lady had been Mary's best friend and adviser since she came to the cottage, and as soon as she was well, Mary went to Mrs. Morton to ask her what she had better do to get her living, for thirty pounds were all she had in the world.

" I think, Madam," said Mary, " I had better try to get a situation as teacher in some respectable school, for Lady Montgomery has now engaged a governess."

Mr. Morton put an end to this idea by saying, if she would become his wife, he should be the happiest man in the world in having so good and amiable a partner.

Mary admired Mr. Morton, he was such an excellent young man—and her conduct to her father, ever since she had lived with him, had quite won the heart of old Mrs. Morton, who

insisted on Mary's coming to live with them at the Vicarage.

In twelve months after the death of Mr. Milton, Mary was married to the good and amiable young clergyman, and lived in peace and plenty, the friend of every one, and beloved by all.

Sophia has been changing from place to place, and has many times even wanted bread. She has no friend, nor has she ever forgiven her sister, nor ever answered one of the kind letters poor Mary sent to her. She is now living under kitchen-maid in a large family, where she has to pare potatoes, wash the dishes, and do the dirtiest work of the house.

THE END.



---

C. Anthony, Printer, Hereford.













A11



